A Belgian

By PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE

All night Maurice Beaujon was possessed with the certainty that Jean was lying, wounded, in the open field. He knew the lad trusted him to come, so Beaujon tossed as a mother might and could scarcely wait for the dawn

He talked to Jean. The stars were paling.

"There, so, Jean"—he reached for his boots—"so, Jean, keep up your courage."

He raised his flask and tasted of its contents:

"So, Jean, a few drops, they put heart in a man."

He stuffed a loaf of bread into his knapsack.

"Now, a crumb, Jean—so!"

He gathered up gauze and dressing for a wound and thrust it into his knapsack "So now, Jean, let us see. Ah-h-h-h, that is bad, but we'll get you well. Let me tie on this bandage. They'll do better for you at the hospital, but this will serve till we get there."

He flung his knapsack over his back. "So, Jean, put your arms around my neck. Gently, gently; I'll not jar you. That's better, eh?" He laughed "The uhlans didn't get you, Jean."

It was gray when he went down the road. People had their houses open, but the shop windows were closed. At the city gate an officer talking with a sentry recognized Maurice.

"Hello, Beaujon!" he called. "You have been promoted for bravery."

Beaujon nodded as a matter of course. He had fought like a demon to kill men; he must have yelled like a maniac; his throat was raw inside; he had risen to a kneeling position in the trenches to snatch a flag which had been shot away from Jean, and he had waved it high above his head to cover the retreat of his companions.

And then the uhlans were on him again, but he was up and running with the flag, and he had escaped; somehow he had escaped. It was a miracle. He never doubted Jean's safety until the lad could not be found.

"Where are you going, Beaujon?"

"For Jean," Beaujon answered.

"Valles, he is missing?" the officer asked. "Have you been through the hospitals?"

"He is not in them," Beaujon answered.

This delay tortured him. He knew he could make his search better before the sun was up, for the gleam of the bayonets had dazzled him yesterday, and from the field they would flash in his eyes again.

Beaujon pointed. "Valles can't be far," he added. "We were right in those trenches, just back of those bushes."

"Well, go on, then," said the officer; "but be cautious. Remember the wounded have been taken off the field. You won't find him alive."

"Alive," thought Beaujon impatiently; "no, not if this talking keeps up much longer." He saluted and burst away.

He stepped out into the field. He had known he should see the rifles and the bayonets first, but they did not flash upon his eyes now.

No, they were dull and gray like the sky. He gazed blankly into the zenith; his first instinct was to look away from the ground.

There was still a star shining; it was yellow and very faint. He met its gaze. It looked at him steadily, blinked and went out. The thought of Jean gripped him, and he forced himself to look down again over the field.

There were spots on the bushes; thin, slow streams furrowed the ground; as the light increased these sluggish trickles, these splashes, were scarlet

This was a shambles; the world a slaughterhouse.

All the panoply of war was gone; all that made it brilliant, all that goaded him on, was gone. Why had he been promoted for bravery?

He was not brave now.

His mind was confused; he must stop; he must be clear. There was a word which would help him if he could remember it.

He pressed his hand to his forehead, struggling for that word. Ah, he had it! Sure. He must be sane.

He strode firmly forward, looking neither to the right nor to the left, his gaze on those bushes just beyond the farther trench.

He heard low moans and cries, but he did not heed them.

Something moved in a heap of bodies. How dead men struggled! He passed on. There, out on a free space of ground, a dead Belgian was lying forward on his face.

Beaujon paused. Clutched in the man's hand was an arm. He stared. Then he saw that the man's other arm had been shot off.

His heart jumped.

Could that slender fellow be Jean? He went forward and turned him over. When he saw the face of a stranger he began to laugh.

Now that the fellow did not prove to be Jean, he saw how comical it was.

What did he expect to do with his arm. Run to the hospital with it to have it sewed on?

Beaujon pursued his search, chuckling.

The east grew rosy and a sweet, cool breeze blew against him. The day promised to be fine and clear. He was glad of that.

Jean always liked to lie flat on his back in an open field, staring up at the sky with eyes that were as blue. Mme. Valles was a German, and her eyes were like her sons.

She wept because her sister had boys in the German army. Her own husband was a Belgian, and her sympathy must go with him; and Jean, her son—was he not fighting the uhlans as well as his father?

But women took life hard

He was sorry for women. He thought again of that fellow running off with his own arm before he collapsed. There was a saying in the Bible, "As one whom his mother comforteth." The fellow had probably started to run home to his mother. She must be proud of her big booby.

He chuckled again.

He had forgotten that word which had impressed him so strongly—that word which would help him. He knew it was important, but he had forgotten it again.

He hummed a tune—a little, old, Alsatian tune—as he continued his search; the men whose faces he looked at made no impression on him; he only knew they were not Jean.

The sun flashed on the bayonets and sabers lying about; it was pretty as a sparkling sea.

He bent over a body. Some instinct made him rise and whirl about on his heel.

He was face to face with one of the uhlans. The German was on foot.

Each man was but a mirror of the other, so identical were their expressions; each had believed himself alone searching for a friend. They stared at each other; they turned; they ran in opposite directions as if pursued by demons.

The fight was out of both of them.

Beaujon dropped his rifle as he ran. Horror was on his heels. He stumbled and fell and lay as if dead, then reached slyly for his rifle.

As his hand gripped it he realized that it must be another man's, for he had dropped his own

He sat up and looked over the field. The enemy had disappeared. He turned his head, and there beside him lay Jean. It was Jean's rifle he held. He knew by the smile on Jean's face that the lad was dead.

Only dead men were happy like that; that is, the right sort of dead

He Chuckled Again.

men, not the kind who struggled to get back to life.

Jean's blue eyes looked straight up into the sky.

Beaujon touched the boy's face.

It was still warm. Then he knew that pale star which blinked at him and went out was a signal from Jean. He wished he could lie down beside him, but he had promised to return.

He had been promoted for bravery, this Beaujon. Who was the fellow—Beaujon, Beaujon, Beaujon. But he had promised to get back to him. He must find Beaujon again.

He lifted Jean on his back and started homeward. It was strange that he was carrying Jean's rifle instead of his own.

It was a message that he must fight for them both. He was grim but exultant as he strode on. Where he had killed one man before, now he would kill two; it would be double the number always, double for Jean.

The ground was uncertain and he stumbled; then he realized he was trampling over the dead with his boots on. He laid Jean down and took off his boots, then lifted his friend again and went on in his stocking-feet.

When he came into the city again no one offered to help him, for Beaujon was a giant in strength and he bore Jean as though he had been a girl.

He climbed the road and turned into a small hotel.

Mme. Valles sat at the table with the one guest left in the hotel; she was having an extra cup of coffee with her and they were talking about the war.

Beaujon's figure filled the doorway and his shadow fell across the two women.

Mme. Valles raised her hands. She was going to cry out, but somehow she did not. Instead she managed to get to a door; it opened into her bedroom.

"Put him here, Maurice. Can you get a doctor?"

Beaujon laid Jean down on his mother's bed. He patted Mme. Valles' cheek so softly in his pity.

"No. Jean does not need a doctor, Mama Valles."

He went out, closing the door on the two. There was a stranger in he dining room, and he remembered Mme. Valles did not like curious eyes.

He sat down in the first chair he reached, exhausted.

The guest in the hotel was an American—Miss Dewey. She had expected to join friends in Berlin. She kept saying to herself that she had never expected this war when she went abroad.

When she saw Beaujon's pallor she ran to the kitchen and called Marie, the young girl who assisted Mme. Valles as a kind of underhousekeeper, to bring hot coffee at once.

"They have brought home Mme. Valles' son dead," she exclaimed, "and I think the man who brought him is ill. He looks so white."

"Yes, mademoiselle," answered Marie. Her hand shook so she kept pouring the coffee into the saucer instead of the cup.

"Here," said Miss Dewey, "I will attend to that." She seized the coffee pot and poured the coffee with a steady hand. "Now you bring a basin of warm water to wash his feet. They are bleeding and his stockings are cut in shreds."

"Yes, mademoiselle," answered Marie. "Please tell me—where is Jean?"

"His mother has him in her room. She has shut the door. Hurry with that basin, Marie." Miss Dewey went back to Beaujon. "Try to take a little of this coffee. It will do you good."

Beaujon lifted his heavy eyes to her face. "Thank you."

Marie came hurrying in with towels and a basin of water and, kneeling down, peeled off the ragged stockings with tender fingers. She was young and dark and richly colored.

Suddenly she pressed Beaujon's bare feet to her bosom, sobbing, while she murmured: "My Jean, my Jean!"

She was to have married Jean Valles in the autumn.

Beaujon's brows contracted with pity. "Poor Marie!" he said. "Poor Marie!" His mind seemed entirely clear again.

The coffee helped him. He watched her as she sat back on her heels, letting his feet drop into her lap and looking up pitifully at him.

"Now, I shall have no husband." He saw her poor, little, drooping mouth, the woe in her eyes.

It was more than grief for Jean. It was desolation come upon her. The issues of life were cut off. She would have no husband, no children. Why was she left a woman?

This was what war did for women!

Beaujon spoke with difficulty, for his throat was tired. "Marie, if I live I will return and be your husband."

When she saw the kindness on his face she bent forward and laid her face against his breast, sobbing. He patted her shoulder until she grew quiet. Then he said: "Now, I must be going."

Miss Dewey was crying, too. She ran out to get him another cup of coffee. "What a good man," she thought.

Marie knelt and dried his feet and put a pair of clean stockings on him. They were Papa Valles', as were also the boots, she brought. Papa Valles had gone to the war, too; and he was a big man like Beaujon, not slight like Jean. Jean was so pretty—like a girl. Her tears fell more gently.

Beaujon pulled on the boots. He rose and shook hands with Miss Dewey. "Good-by," he said. "When you return to your own country remember us."

She stood on the steps of the hotel, while Marie followed him to the road.

"Wait," he said; "I was forgetting something."

He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth a big key and gave it to Marie. "It is the key to my shop. If I do not come back all is yours."

She took it as a child might. "Yes." She kept her eyes fixed wistfully on Beaujon's face.

"Good-by," he said, and bent to kiss her cheek; then suddenly drew her into his arms and kissed her mouth. "Good-by, my wife!"

The blood coursed freely through his veins once more. That kiss—so fresh, so sweet—had revived him. It was as though Marie had become a stranger with whom he had fallen in love at first sight.

Their love sprang new born from this moment; it had no past. He went off down the road with a swinging step, his shoulders squared. The good God meant well by man. His hand must be over this somehow—yes—over it all.

"Where is his shop, Marie?" asked Miss Dewey.

"The fourth one down on that side, mademoiselle," answered Marie.

"Oh, that beautiful lace shop!" Miss Dewey exclaimed. "There are some wonderful rose-pieces in the window. I noticed them the first day I was in town. So he is a lace-maker?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

Beaujon reached the top of the road. He turned and waved his cap. Then he disappeared down the hill.

"He is gone," said Marie. She clasped her hands on her breast. "Think, mademoiselle, how one hour can bring me two sorrows. It is war!"

AT THE FRONTIER

By Perley Poore Sheehan

"Well, he can keep on following us," said Miss Dracon. "There's no law against it, I suppose—not over here."

The tea, the music, even the clothes she wore, were all well calculated to soothe a feminine heart—especially one that could not have been more than twenty years old; but, as she gazed out over the terrace of Armenonville, with an elaborate pretense of recognizing no one in the fashionable throng, there was a dangerous sparkle in Miss Dracon's eye.

Her mother, a personification of American dollars and well preserved youth, looked at her with an indulgent smile.

"His title is perfectly good," she purred. "I looked it up—in the Almanach de Gotha, where only royal and—"

"Look out! He's coming over."

It had required no very keen vision on the part of Prince Frederick von Hohenstaufen to see the Dracons, mother and daughter. An omniscient head waiter, in the first place, with an eye to a ten-franc tip, had placed them at a table where all might see. And, in the second place, they were not the sort of people who escape observation. Great wealth, sagaciously used, stamps its possessors with an imprint as unmistakable as the sterling mark on solid plate.

Prince Frederick was likewise noticeable, but otherwise.

As he made his way, with a queer mingling of eagerness and anxiety visible in his face, through the perfumed, well-dressed, gayly chatting swarm of Parisians and foreign notables who were enjoying themselves in the Bois that afternoon, he suffered badly by comparison, in spite of his youth.

So Miss Dracon thought.

His features were smug and homely, giving his clean-shaven face an expression she associated vaguely with grocers or grooms. His skin was fresh enough, but exposure to the sun had made it red in spots instead of giving it the even tan possessed by most of the other men she knew.

And his clothes!

They also reminded Miss Dracon vaguely of grocers and grooms, dressed up.

"Ah, Mrs. Dracon; again! Permit me to salute you."

The prince had taken the tips of Mrs. Dracon's fingers and lifting them ever so slightly, was performing the acrobatic feat of bending forward from the hips without flexing the knees. He had touched the fingers with his lips.

"Ah, Miss Elizabeth!"

He repeated the salute.

"Sit down here with us, dear prince," said Mrs. Dracon. "Or, are you with friends? When did you leave America?"

"Look Out! He's Coming Over."

The heir of Hohenstaufen dropped into the chair that a waiter had already pushed into position, gave one meaning look at Elizabeth Dracon, then turned once more to the older woman.

"As soon as I learned you had gone, then I left," he said.

Elizabeth bit her lip, while her mother smiled easily.

"A coincidence," said Mrs. Dracon.

"A coincidence," conceded the prince, "but designed by me."

He looked from mother to daughter. Mrs. Dracon was listening intently, no doubt, although she had the air of one who is rather preoccupied with something else. The daughter's eyes met his with the suspicion of a challenge in them.

Hadn't they settled this, once and for all, that night the prince had proposed to her over in Philadelphia?

"You see," he said, with an effort at lightness, "I got to thinking over what Miss Elizabeth said to me about international marriages. I don't see how it applies to us. I know that she is not crazy for a title—other than her own high-born name; and me, I'm not after—after money."

The red-coated band, responsive to a frenzied leader, was zinging and banging through a Hungarian rhapsody, giving promise that it would still be safe to talk about private matters for a long time to come.

"Elizabeth told me that you had done her the honor—" Mrs. Dracon began.

"Perhaps I should have spoken first to you," said the prince, talking rapidly. "But I said, 'This is America, where there must not be too much formality.' Besides, I was crazy—crazy with love—as I have been ever since first I looked at her."

"No scene, please," cautioned Elizabeth steadily.

The band zinged louder. Her remark drew blood apparently.

"It is true that I have debts," the prince went on; "but they are the debts of my ancestors. I pay interest on them No one expects more than that. They are like state debts—what you call national debt. A national debt is never paid. But why mention such things? It is you I love. You I followed again back to Europe."

"Will you have cream or lemon?" asked Elizabeth, suddenly remembering the tea things.

"So why—why—will you not have me?"

"Shall I go over it all once more?" asked Elizabeth, smiling but cruel. "I've seen enough of these international marriages to make me sick If I ever marry—which I doubt—I'll marry an American. I'll marry a man who can take care of me, just as though I didn't have a cent in the world; one who will work, accomplish something, be someone by his own efforts. Since you owe so much, by your own admission, why don't you work and—"

"Elizabeth!"

Mrs. Dracon was scandalized, as she often was by this ultra-modern daughter of hers; but the prince was listening, sober, intent.

"I can't work, the way you mean," said Prince Frederick with bated breath. "I'm a Hohenstaufen. I belong to the empire. If it were not for that, there is nothing in the world I wouldn't do to show you—show you how I love you. Even now, could I do so with honor, I'd blow out my brains—"

"I've dropped my fan," said Mrs. Dracon.

The prince recovered it for her with a little laugh just as the music, with a succession of rippling scales suggestive of a flight of butterflies, went up into the air and was silent.

Silent, also, for most of the time were Mrs. Dracon and her daughter as they drove home a little later through the high-arched allees of the Bois. They were stopping at the Bristol, would be moving on soon to one of the German spas, Wiesbaden most likely. And they were both willing to pretend that it was this approaching departure from Paris that kept them a little restrained, a little blue.

Finally Mrs. Dracon spoke.

"Don't you think you're a bit brutal with him, Beth? Young Germans have been known to kill themselves—"

"Oh, he'll show up again," said Elizabeth.

Paris was like a pond overstocked with goldfish—filled with the rich and idle from the four quarters of the world. Came the end of Grand Prix week, and it was as though some mighty hand had opened all the sluices of the pond. The goldfish scattered.

The Dracons lingered longer in Paris than they had expected—a matter of new gowns—and then floated on, with other goldfish, to the German resort. But still there was no sign of Prince Frederick von Hohenstaufen. It troubled them both a little secretly. He wasn't acting in accordance with form. Generally when an impoverished prince once fixes his attention on a dazzling bait like Elizabeth Dracon—handsome, educated, immeasurably rich in her own right—he becomes as a ravening pike.

So they both thought. They were not without experience. But they said nothing about it. Not until one night.

It was the night that followed a hideous day. From early morning they had been crowded with strangers whom they feared and distrusted in the tiny, suffocating compartment of a third-class railway carriage. All day the train had crawled and stopped, then crawled again, like a wounded worm, while other trains rushed by with lordly authority. Soldiers, helmeted, brusk, impersonal, had jerked the door of the compartment open at times, had stared and talked among themselves, but had answered no questions.

Even more lugubrious was the deepening night. It had begun to rain. Then, finally, as though the wounded worm was completely exhausted, the train came to a halt and moved no more. There was another hour of stifling misery, then once more the door was jerked open and there came the order in the clipped, military German of Prussia:

"All passengers get down!"

It was almost panic as the shuddering civilians—men, women and children, Dutch, Belgian, French, English, American—clambered out; but information somehow got about that here they were to remain until mobilization was complete, that there was a hotel in the neighborhood that was to be their temporary prison.

"And what is the name of the place?" Elizabeth asked a mammoth Belgian, who, with his wife and four children, had been their cellmate throughout the day.

Said the Belgian:

"This is Hohenstaufen!"

A moment later she and her mother were leaning against each other for mutual support.

Very stiff and straight in a new uniform, surrounded by officers who were showing him obvious respect, there stood under the yellow shimmer of the station light some one whom they both had instantly recognized—Prince Fred-

Slid Off With Them Into the Night.

erick himself. Almost at the same instant he saw them, started toward them.

"Ah, Mrs. Dracon; again! Permit me to salute you."

He took the tips of her fingers, bent forward from the hips without flexing his knees.

"Ah, Miss Elizabeth!"

He repeated the salute. But his ridiculously short hair was now concealed by a helmet which hadn't been displaced.

"I regret," he said, as he straightened up, "that you have been made to suffer. But while you are in Hohenstaufen you will, at least, be my guests."

"We want to get to Belgium—to London," said Elizabeth, by now on the verge of tears.

"We've lost our baggage—everything," said Mrs. Dracon.

They were speaking softly, as civilians and military passed and repassed. The officers who had surrounded the prince had turned their backs, pretending not to notice.

"I am master here," said the prince quietly; "but not beyond the limits of the principality." He turned to Elizabeth. "Have you forgotten that I love you?"

"What then?"

"Marry me."

Elizabeth looked at him with unflinching eyes.

"You have us in your power—to compromise us, disgrace us, if you wish—"

A change of expression in the prince's face made her pause.

"I spoke to you once of shooting myself," he said; "but my life was not my own. I still have it—Gott sei dank—to give for my country. As my wife, or even as my fiancee, you could have—" He made a gesture of despair. "Mrs. Dracon," he resumed, "farewell. A military motor will be here in a few minutes, in charge of one of my orderlies, who will see that you and Miss Dracon are conducted in safety to the Belgian frontier. Elizabeth, if I never see you again—"

"Kiss me good-by," she whispered in panic.

A gray-painted motor, with two men in uniform on the front seat, slid off with them into the night. Prince Frederick von Hohenstaufen had not been there to see them go; but every now and then, as they stopped at garrison towns and scattered posts where all was wakefulness and feverish activity, one of the men on the front seat showed a paper he carried, whereupon there would be a murmured "Recht!" and a salute.

"What is on that paper?" asked Elizabeth after one of these halts.

The orderly looked surprised.

"That the high-born young lady," he said, "is the promised bride of his highness, Prince Frederick."

They came into a sleepy Belgian frontier post at dawn In an hour a train would be carrying them to Dieppe, with London and New York, it seemed to them, thoroughly exhausted though they were, just beyond.

Elizabeth demanded the paper that had brought them thus far in safety, and then, while her mother and the men who were there looked on, she wrote something on it with a borrowed pencil.

"Take this back to his highness," she said, "with our love and gratitude."

The orderly saluted. The gray car snorted and was off again on its return into Germany. Not until it was at a safe distance did the orderly dare look at what the fair American had written.

At first he saw nothing, as the paper fluttered in his hand. He came to the words, "promised bride," and then he saw.

There had been written here the one word "Recht!"—and this had been signed with the name of Elizabeth Dracon.

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

A Wonder.

Gabe—Jones is the most truthful man I know of.

Steve—Why do you say that?

Gabe—He had a black eye last week, and I asked him how he got it, and he told me that a man bit him.

Betcha!

"What is a bird man?" said young Bess
To her pa, Mr. Schuster.
"A bird man?" he replied. "Oh, yes;
A bird man is a rooster."

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie — Paw, what does unseemly haste mean?

Paw—That's when the wife of an aviator sues him for divorce, my son.

Goo Bigh!

Said a wise man: "This building is high,
So I'll jump off the top and I'll figh.
Of course I lack wings
And some other things,
But I can't learn to figh till I trigh."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Said a sorrowful singer: "This hymn
Makes my old eyes with teardrops grow dymn.
I'll sing it, of course.
Although I'm quite hoarse
And my chance for an encore is slymn."
—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Fairy Tales.

"Pleased to meet you."

"I had to work late."

"I can take a drink or let it alone."

"My, isn't your baby pretty!"

"We have never had a quarrel since we were married."

Sure.

"It may seem queer," said Mr. Burke,
"But you can bet it's so,
An idle rumor does more work
Than anything I know."

The Wise Fool.

"Politeness costs nothing," remarked the sage.

"Maybe that's the reason why most people have no use for it," added the fool."

Betcha!

This world we could improve, I say,
Our progress would be ample
If we had less advice each day
And much more good example.

Sure.

Gabe — What is the difference between an apartment and a flat?

Steve—About $25 per month.

Votes For Women!

Notice.—As my husband, L. C. Dale, has left my bed and board I will not be responsible for any accounts contracted by him nor pay any debts which he may contract nor be responsible for any instruments which he may sign. S. Carrie Dale.—Wellsville (Kan.) Globe.

Luke Just Oiled His.

Prevent disease by having your feathers renovated. Send postal.—Ad. in Muskegon (Mich.) Chronicle.

Things to Worry About.

The average depth of the sand on the African deserts is from thirty to forty feet.

Daily Health Hint.

Never stand behind a mule when you are arguing with him.

Our Daily Special.

Be a good loser, but don't make it a habit.

Luke McLuke Says:

You can make a woman madder by ignoring her than you can by calling her names.

When a girl marries she usually loses a good friend and gets a grouchy boarder.

Politics is one of our most popular sports because you can talk it all day and not know a blame thing about it.

When they are engaged they imagine that they can get along with one chair when they go to housekeeping. But after they have been married for awhile they want two different bedroom suits.

The lad who loafs around and owes everybody in town is the same fellow who is deeply worried because the Panama canal isn't paying expenses.

The old fashioned poker player who used to walk around his chair to change his luck now has a son who can deal a diamond from the bottom when his stack gets low.

Before he gets her he thinks she is a hummingbird. After he gets her he discovers that she is a screech owl.

Conscience may help some. But the fear of getting caught is what keeps most of us straight.

A woman may have no aim in life. But she always seems to hit the target when she starts out to shoot Friend Husband.

There isn't any fun in fishing if you have to catch fish for a living.

Before she gets him she believes all he tells her about his prowess as an athlete. After she gets him she discovers that about the only sport he excels in is throwing the bull.

Once in awhile father will play foxy when he comes home with a fine bun on, and he will carefully hide his money so mother won't find it, and then he will get up with a big head and a dazed feeling and stall around for an hour trying to remember where he hid the blame money.

Most of the men who are seeking positions are dodging jobs.

He Shrunk Up

A man was walking along the road, and a storm came up; he crawled into a hollow log. The rain poured down in torrents and the log swelled until the poor fellow could not move. All his past life loomed up and when he remembered that he had not paid his newspaper subscription it made him feel so small that he crawled out.

[illegible] us that $.

FARMER BOYS' ENCAMPMENT

Proud Sons of a Proud State to Occupy Tented City on Kentucky State Fair Grounds

FARM BOYS IN CAMP.

THE Farm Boys' Encampment, one of the most important as well as picturesque features of the Kentucky State Fair, annually brings to this agricultural and live stock celebration a juvenile representative from the 120 counties of the state.

To the boy standing sponsor for his home section the trip is an epoch and the honor much coveted and striven for. Heretofore the eligible boys were selected from farm boys between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years and through written competitive examinations submitted to a committee composed of a member of the State Board of Agriculture and of the faculty of the Agricultural College.

This year a new ruling requires that the boy competing for the trip and consequent honors and pleasures must be a member of either the Boys' Corn Club or the Boys' Pig Club of his county and must each grow one acre of corn or raise one pig as a minimum effort and must keep a daily record of the cost and other data. Boys eligible to this contest must be between the ages of ten and eighteen years, and no boy having attended an encampment in prior years will be considered.

No county will be permitted to enter this contest with less than fifteen members, and where the question of substitution arises the board will consider first the pig club boys in the counties that have corn clubs organized. Where there are no corn clubs or pig clubs organized the board reserves the right to appoint substitutes from other counties.

B. G. Nelson of Hopkinsville, Ky., is state agent for the Boys' Corn Clubs, and Otis Kercher of Lexington, Ky., is state agent for the Boys' Pig Clubs, and boys desiring to enter either or both of these clubs should immediately notify the respective agents at the above addresses, and upon receipt of their names all necessary instructions and rulings will be forwarded them.

The purpose of the Farm Boys' Encampment at the State Fair is to extend the educational advantages of the Fair through the farming districts of the entire state, and the results growing from the three former encampments have been highly encouraging. During the week of their stay here the boys are guests of the Fair and in their "tented city" on the grounds are provided with every comfort as well as entertained by the wonders of the celebration. The judging contests to which they are eligible are of incalculable educational advantage, and the delegates are also taken on sightseeing excursions to the manufactories and show places of the city of Louisville.

THE WOMAN'S SHOP

Unique Market For Feminine Wares at the Kentucky State Fair, Sept. 13-18

ALTHOUGH the feminist movement is daily and more and more universally demonstrating the fact that women are qualified to engage in any pursuit, calling or occupation heretofore individual to man, it is not to be inferred that the arts, handicrafts and handiworks heretofore associated solely with the gentler sex are to be neglected. Rather are they to be fostered in accordance with the views of representative women of the state, and in furtherance of this design a Woman's Shop has been instituted as a feature of the plans for the Kentucky State Fair, to be held in Louisville Sept. 13-18.

This shop will be located in the Woman's building on the Fair grounds, but will not be auxiliary to the competitive exhibitions of the Women's Department. Rather, the shop is designed as a salesroom or "clearing house" for every variety of useful and beautiful article made by womankind, and such products as embroideries, bedspreads, rugs, table covers, pottery, jewelry, lamp shades, household or garden furniture, baskets, draperies, etc., may be entered free of charge in this shop and ticketed at the owner's valuation for a possible sale which will be without any commission charge to Fair management or members in charge.

Articles entered for sale in the Woman's Shop are not eligible for competition in the catalogued classes. Articles must be sent at the owner's risk and will be carefully cared for and returned if unsold at the close of Fair week.

The idea of the Woman's Shop is new and individual to the Kentucky State Fair. It was conceived by Commissioner of Agriculture John W. Newman and enthusiastically indorsed by the committee in charge, of which Mrs. S. Thruston Ballard is chairman and the following ladies are members: Mrs. J. A. Mitchell, Bowling Green; Mrs. Starling L. Marshall, Henderson; Miss Edna Dolfinger, Louisville; Mrs. Barbour Minnegerode, Louisville; Mrs. Avery Robinson, Louisville; Mrs. Leonard A. Hewett, Louisville; Mrs. Peter Lee Atherton, Louisville; Mrs. Richard Knott, Louisville; Mrs. Richard Ernst, Covington; Mrs. R. P. Halleck, Louisville; Mrs. W. L. Mills, Owensb[illegible]; Mrs. George A. Armstrong, S[illegible]ville; Mrs. Anna Eernberg, Bere[illegible] Helm Bruce, Louisville; Mi[illegible] Rodes, Danville; Mrs. Harry [illegible] Louisville; Mrs. Alfred Brande[illegible]isville; Miss Mary F. Hutchcraft[illegible]ts; Mrs. R. C. Ford, Middlesboro; [illegible] Sam Boyle, Louisville; Mrs. Paul Cr[illegible] Louisville, and Mrs. T. J. Smith, Frankfort.

Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Smith of Frankfort is the chairman of a promotion committee which will have representatives in every city and rural district in the state. An especial effort will be made to enlist the interest of the basket weavers and needleworkers of the mountains. Only residents of Kentucky are eligible for entry.

For entry blanks and further information address communications to Woman's Shop, State Fair offices, Paul Jones building, Louisville, Ky.

Star "Sidewheelers" to Strive For World's Records at Kentucky State Fair

THE finest track and fastest performers in the country will make of the trotting and pacing events for the thirteenth annual Kentucky State Fair, Sept. 13-18, the greatest exhibitions of the kind in fair history. The entries for the track program closed June 1, with 140 contestants listed. This number breaks all former records and assures Fair visitors one of the most elaborate as well as high class showings of "sidewheelers" in history.

The entire list is made up of the creme de la creme of trotting and pacing horseflesh, and among the "cracks" who will compete for honors and try for world's records will be Hugh Miller, the sensational three-year-old who broke all records last year at the Kentucky State Fair by trotting a half mile in 2:11¼. Ham Patterson will also be "among those present." He won the $1,000 trotting stake last year in 2:14. Another star will be Ophelia, the great trotting mare who has already made 2:08¼ during the early part of this season. Joe H. has "won his spurs" on the fastest half mile tracks in Ohio and Michigan, and Bonnie Boy likewise has proved his class on the grand circuit.

The track events will include two colt tryouts for two and three year old trotters with a purse of $500 each. These features are rendered doubly interesting from the fact that there is always a possibility of developing another world's wonder, like Ettawah, who made his first appearance as a two-year-old on the Kentucky State Fair track and who has since proved to be the fastest trotter in existence today.

The rules of the National Trotting Association govern the Kentucky State Fair track events. R. J. Basset of Leitchfield is the member in charge of the Speed Department, and C. R. Van Meter of Lebanon is the Superintendent.